BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY CURATE TO Mr. Henry Care, In Defence of the SEVEN BISHOPS.

Licensed *July* 18. 1688.

SIR,

THO' I know not your Person, I am to my Cost acquainted with your Pen; and, to be plain with you, begin to discover you are a sort of I cannot tell what, nor knows a Man where to have you: So in fine, do you see, it will be hardly worth while to pay a Peny and Postage any longer for your Weekly Paper, especially for a Man in my Circumstances,

who am but a Country Curate at Twenty Nobles a year Salary. 'Tis true, I ſerve in a large Pariſh, but to my ſorrow ſituated in ſuch a wholſom Air, that the People are in a manner Immortal; ſo that a Tale of a Funeral amongſt them begins with, *Once upon a time there was ſuch a Man, who died*, &c. Then for their Children, they ſeldom or never make them Chriſtians, not ſo much for Conſcience-ſake, as to hinder me of my Dues. And for Weddings, the Commiſſaries have all the Cuſtom; wherefore my Perquiſites conſiſting totally in telling News at ſeveral Tables for my Dinner, I am horribly defeated of late by your Proceedings: for, to be plain with you, I had thoughts your Verity and good Style had kept company: and tho' you were a little ſharp upon Topping *Tories*, and laid about you mightily for *Liberty of Conſcience*, I that have ſo little to loſe or get by that Matter, did not much regard the Conſequence. Beſides, being a Bachelor, and can ſpeak *Latin*, I know the worſt on't at laſt; but to be abus'd with falſe News undo's me, and, as the Proverb has it, *Puts Water in my Pottage*. For, to be plain with you, deluded, as it ſeems, by yours and other Prints, I did verily believe that the Seven Biſhops had given his Majeſty a certain Petition or Paper about Reading the *Declaration*, which had made him angry, and that they were ſent to the *Tower* for Publiſhing it, and refuſing to give Recognizance to Appear at the Term for ſo doing. This Matter I told poſitively for Truth, and ſhew'd a Copy of it in Print, and was heartily welcom to many a good Meal for my News. And I muſt tell you, there is no Man, tho' I ſay it, in theſe Parts keeps ſuch a conſtant Correſpondence for Public Prints as I do, my Name being ſo famous, that when I was quoted in Matters of that nature, it ſilenced all Pretenders to Intelligence with an *Ipſe dixit*: But now, *Monſtrum horrendum!* what I ſay will go for nothing, ſince thoſe Reverend, Pious, and Prudent Biſhops, did on their Trials deny the whole Story, nor could it be proved upon them; for which cauſe the Loyal Jury acquitted them, and the ever Well-meaning, Honeſt, Godly, and Underſtanding Rabble, Congra-

Congratulated their Escape with Huzza's, Bonfires, Curses, Oaths, Healths, Drunkenness, Tumults and Roring, receiving in return from those Peace-making Prelates, Thanks, Smiles, Prayers and Blessings, to the great improvement of good Manners and Duty in the Nation, no doubt of it: Besides, it is likely more strongly to unite the Mobile into a practicable Interpretation of those mysterious Doctrins of *Non-Resistance* and *Passive Obedience*. Thus wonderful are the ways of the Wise and Great in our Church, being much above the reach of us little Ecclesiastics: For, to my vulgar Head, this way of Triumphing in the Face of his Majesty, might probably induce him to suspect the Integrity of our Principles, and cause him to doubt what use may in time be made of the unintelligible Method we take to express our unquestionable Loyalty.

But indeed, Mr. *Care*, all the Reflections on the Consequence of the Bishops Applause against the King's Authority, cannot make me forget or forgive the Abuse put on both me and the Public, by yours as well as other Prints: And I do positively aver, since such Apostolic Persons dare not own it, that so Malicious, Seditious, and Unmannerly a Writing, could never come into the thoughts of any good or honest Man, much less of a Christian, and least of all of Christian Bishops: No, no, *Shaftsbury* and his Gang of Petitioners never were Impudent enough to tell their King to his Face, he Acted Illegally, as this Paper pretends to do; and yet, Fool as I am, I was made to believe it. But what a dull Ass was I, not to reflect, that amongst the whole number of Bishops, there could be none found had received such Personal Obligations from his Majesty, as those Seven, not a Man of them but owing much more to his Favor for their Advancement, than to all other Means in the World. Therefore it being impossible that Ingratitude and Disobedience could ever joyn but in an Infernal Nature, I might have been confident no vulgar Report could have provoked such Blessed Men, to wipe off the Imputation of *Popery* by Diabolical Crimes. Besides, had I known then that Eleven other Bishops had obey'd the King,

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and comply'd with their Duty, in commanding their Clergy to Read his Declaration, how could I have ſuſpected thoſe Seven ſhould have been guilty of a Schiſm ſo Groſs, ſo Undutiful, and ſo Unmannerly as that would have been? Yet this improbable Error have you made me guilty of, ſweet Mr. *Care*, and for the future I ſhall regard you accordingly, I'll aſſure you. Nay who can blame me, you having made me ſuſpect Men of their Parts and Piety, ſome being, as is thought, ſo emulous of Martyrdom, that they wiſh'd the Bonfires for their Deliverance, had been the Faggots for their Suffering, tho' at the ſame time in ſeeming compliance with Natures Frailty, one, the moſt perfect, boaſted out a Farewel Sermon on the Text, *Lord let this Cup paſs from me*, &c. Therefore, I ſay, had ſuch Exemplary Sufferers Delivered or Publiſhed that pretended Paper, they would have Gloried in it as a good and laudable Action, and never have put the Matter of Fact upon Proof, and got clear of the Buſineſs that way. But having done ſo, I deſie all them that led me into the Error, and amongſt the reſt, thou *Harry Care*, with all thy Wit; and from henceforth muſt declare, that the Libel was the Production of ſome Traiterous Head, and Enemy to the Nations Repoſe, and the Glory of that King, whoſe Word for our Security may be entirely depended on, being a Prince too Intrepid and Brave, to have recourſe to Falſhood for his Support. And this too will be my Everlaſting Comfort, that not an honeſt Man, which impartially obſerves the whole Proceeding, but will be of my Opinion. And ſo, Mr. *Care*, if you, or any of your Diſſenting Companions, invented the Paper, to Divide and Diſgrace our Church, you may take my good Opinion of you for your pains; for this is the laſt Letter you are ever like to have from, *&c.*

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be ſold by *Randal Taylor*
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